

THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
INK SPOTS



RUTH O. DYER



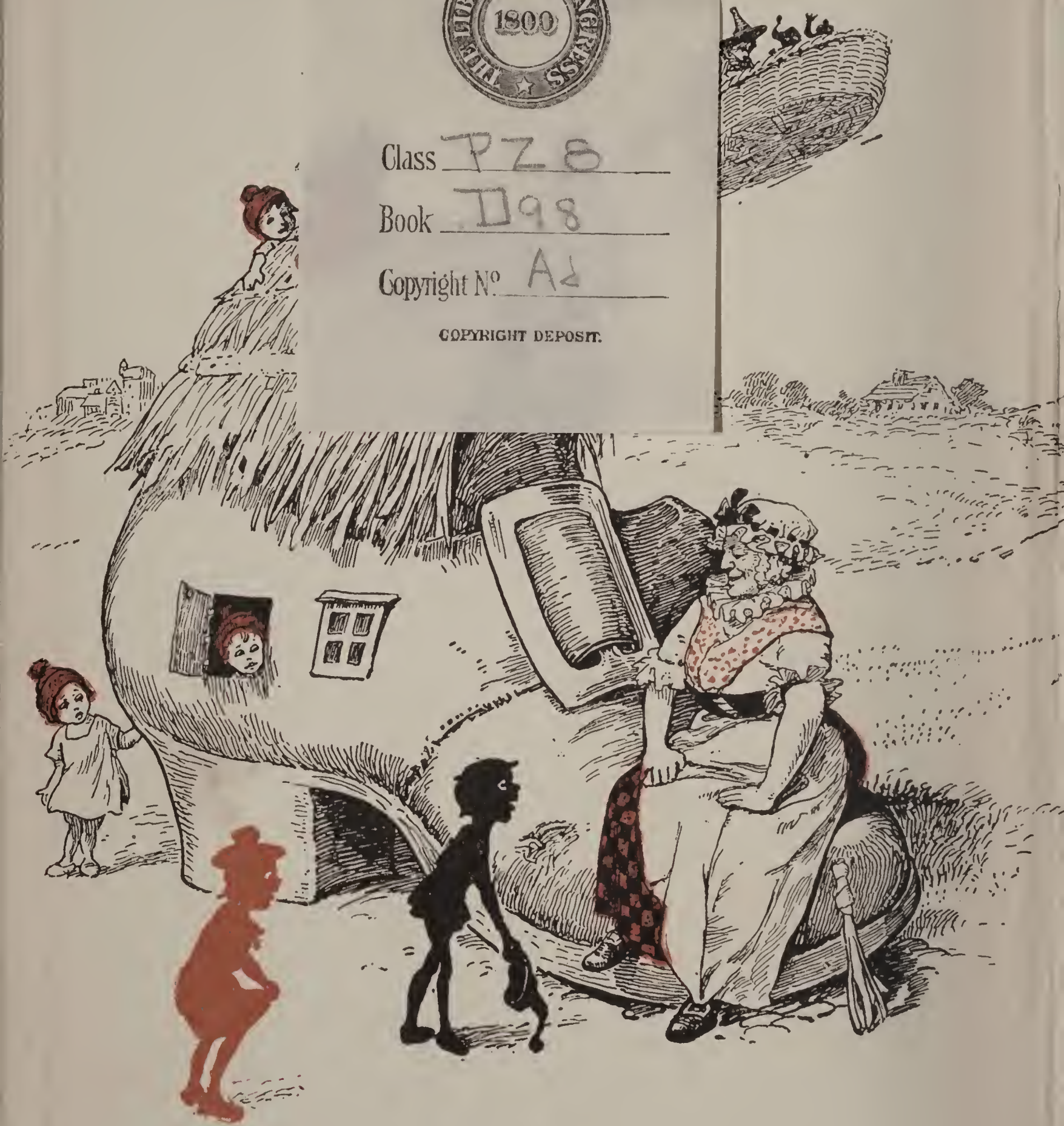


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# The Adventures of the Ink Spots



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AT THE PICNIC IN MOTHER GOOSE GARDEN.



# THE ADVENTURES OF THE INK SPOTS

BY  
RUTH O. DYER



ILLUSTRATED BY  
L. J. BRIDGMAN



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## THE BLACK INK SPOT FAMILY

Mother Black Ink Spot.

Father Black Ink Spot.

Inky Black Ink Spot.

Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot.

Slim Lim Black Ink Spot.

Pouty Black Ink Spot.

Lazy Black Ink Spot.

Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot.

Baby Black Ink Spot.





## THE RED INK SPOT FAMILY

Father Red Ink Spot.

Mother Red Ink Spot.

Grandfather Red Ink Spot.

Grandmother Red Ink Spot.

Ruby Red Ink Spot.

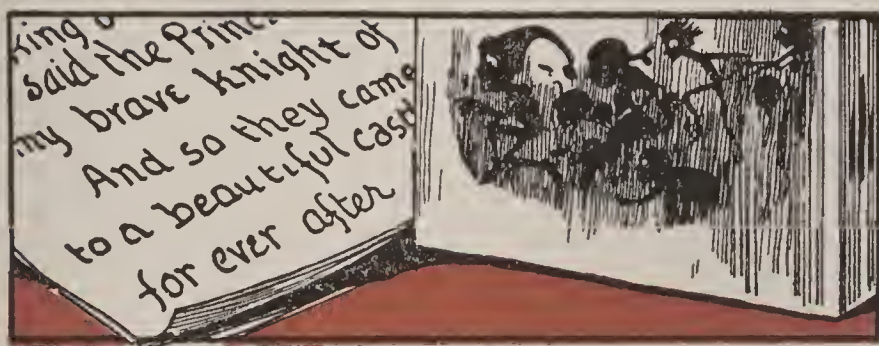
Happy Red Ink Spot.

Grouchy Red Ink Spot.

Thankful Red Ink Spot.

Baby Red Ink Spot.





## I HOW THE INK SPOTS CAME TO BE



Of course everything must have a beginning. There was a beginning for you, there was a beginning for me, and there was a beginning for the Ink Spots. It all came about in this way: So many stories had been

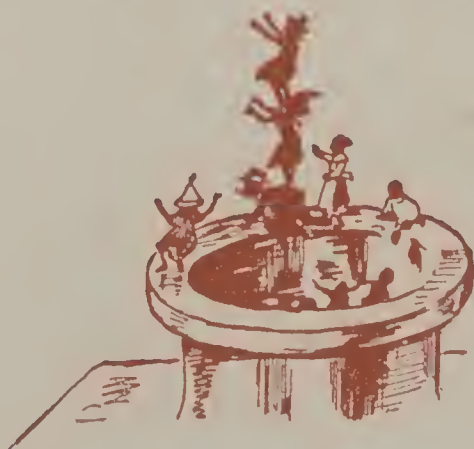
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written about fairies and the people of Story Land, and the ink from the great cut-glass ink-bottle had been called on so often to help write them, that all the little Black Ink Spots thought that there was no place on earth that they desired to see more than they did Story Land.

The Red Ink Spots in the small cut-glass ink-bottle had not often been called on to help, but one day, when the stoppers were out of both bottles, the Black Ink Spots called across to the Red Ink Spots, "Just as soon as we get a really good chance, let's run away



to Story Land and see all the strange things we have been hearing about so long.”

The little Red Ink Spot people clapped their hands so hard at this fine idea that bright red bubbles with little glistening lights in them formed on top of the bottle of red ink, and Mr. Scribble, the owner of the cut-glass ink-bottle, said, “How queer this red ink looks!” That made the little Red Ink Spots more careful, for if Mr. Scribble had thought for a moment that his black or his red ink was in danger, he would have put the stoppers in so tight that the



Ink Spots would never have had the chance to run away.

And so when Mr. Scribble rubbed his eyes and looked at the bottle of red ink again, all the little Red Ink Spots had become as quiet as could be. He did not worry any more, and when he put the stoppers in the bottles he put them in ever so loose, and went away to read a book in the beautiful garden where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed all day.

But Little Boy Scribble wasn't reading books in the beautiful garden where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed all day. Oh,

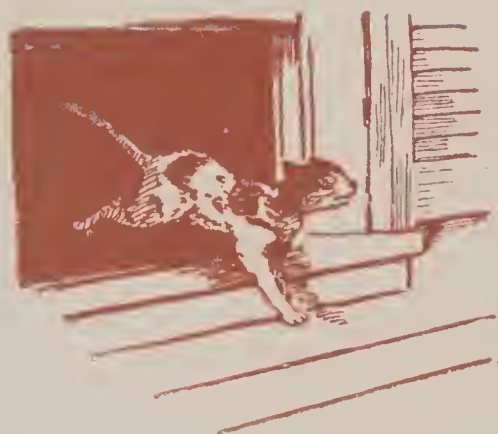




no, he was roaming about the house, trying to find something with which he could play, for it was nurse's afternoon out and no one was giving Boy Scribble much attention.

He had been enjoying pulling the cat's tail and hearing her mew, but the cat grew tired before Boy Scribble did and went into the beautiful garden where the birds sang and the flowers bloomed all day, and was enjoying the sunshine far better than she could have enjoyed Boy Scribble.

It did not take Boy Scribble long to find out that there was



## 6 *The Adventures*

something very interesting on Father Scribble's desk, nor did it take him long to find that the quickest and best way to get there was by way of the footstool pushed up very close to the desk-chair, and from the desk-chair he could reach everything on the beautiful big oak desk. There were several very sharp pencils and a pad of blank paper. But when Boy Scribble finished, the pencils were not sharp and the paper was by no means blank. The pencils would scarcely leave a mark, and the paper was filled with queer things which looked



like those on the last page.

Then there were soft erasers which Boy Scribble felt sure looked good enough to eat, and they found their way to his mouth quickly. But, no, they did not taste one bit like candy and he soon spit them out into the pencil-tray and tried putting as many paper-clips on his small fingers as he could get on them. When one hand was quite full, he waved it very happily over his head, and away flew all the paper-clips. This made Boy Scribble laugh and laugh, and he tried it again and again.

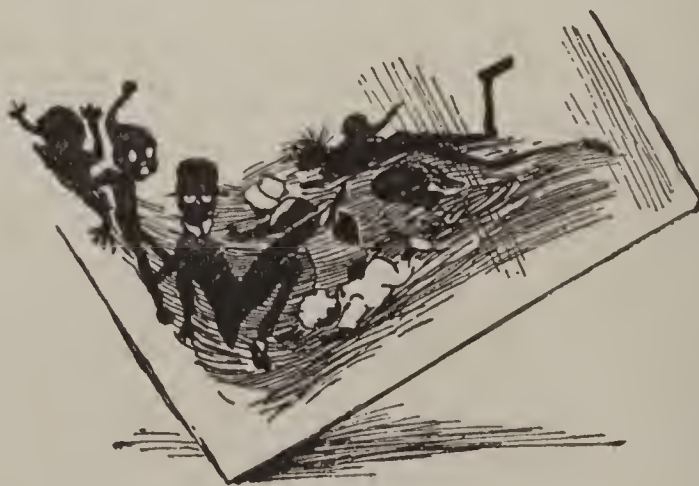






“Oh!” said Boy Scribble. If he had been larger and more able to say what he thought, I am sure he would have said, “What a beautiful cut-glass ink-bottle!” But he could only say, “Oh! Oh!” and think all the rest. Down went his chubby hand on the stopper of the ink-bottle which was filled with the Black Ink Spot people.

My! how the little Black Ink Spot people held their breath as that chubby little fist came down plump on the roof of their house. They thought that it was an earthquake, for the bottle shook as it



had never shaken before. Then the next minute they did not know what to think, for their house had tumbled over on one side and the roof was gone and all the little Black Ink Spots were rolling and tumbling out. Out came Inky Black Ink Spot. He was the blackest of all. Out came Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot, who was so fat that he could hardly keep up with the others. Out came Slim Lim Black Ink Spot, who was so thin that he looked much like a bean-pole. Out came Pouty Black Ink Spot, who was always pouting and fretting over every-



thing. If the day was rainy, she wanted sunshine. Rain made the ink-bottle house so dark. If the day was sunny, she wanted clouds. The glare of the sun on the ink-bottle house hurt her eyes. Then there was Lazy Black Ink Spot, who was far too lazy to trouble about anything. He was always the last one to think of doing anything. Next came Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot. She was so cross because she had been disturbed that her lips were drawn down at the corners and she looked like fifty frowns all in one. Then came Father Black Ink Spot, and





after him came Mother Black Ink Spot, who had been delayed in getting out because Baby Black Ink Spot had caught her foot in the dregs at the bottom of the ink-bottle and Mother Black Ink Spot had had such a hard time getting it loose!



“Run, children, run! We are off for Story Land!” cried Father Black Ink Spot, and how those little Black Ink Spots did run! They ran straight over the top of the desk, down the side and off on the floor. Splish! Splash! Splat-ter! they went, Inky Black Ink Spot in the lead.





All the little Red Ink Spots heard the commotion and, oh, how they wanted to get out of their house and go, too!



Boy Scribble then cried, "Goo! Goo!" and laughed and clapped his hands. Then, seeing the pretty cut-glass ink-bottle which held the Red Ink Spot people, he picked it up by its loosely placed stopper and down came the Red Ink Spot house "kerplunk" on the desk. My, how those little Red Ink Spots did rush out of their house as soon as the door was opened! They called to the Black Ink Spots, "Wait, we're



coming! We're coming!" and all the little Black Ink Spots waited in a crowd down on the floor by the desk.

Ruby Red Ink Spot led the line. She was so red that nothing could be redder. Her hair was red, her face was red, and her hands were just as red as red could be.

Happy Red Ink Spot came next. She was always singing and dancing, and nothing could make her sad. People always liked to have Happy Red Ink Spot around, for she always made them feel better. Grouchy Red Ink Spot came out grumbling because Happy Red



Ink Spot in her hurry had stepped on his toes.

Thankful Red Ink Spot came out, leading Baby Red Ink Spot by the hand, for even though she wanted to catch up with the Black Ink Spot family, she did not forget the baby who could not hurry as the others did.

Grandfather Red Ink Spot and Grandmother Red Ink Spot came next. They were old and feeble and much preferred staying in the snug red ink-bottle to running over the country looking for Story Land. Still, they couldn't stay all alone in a house which had



tumbled over on its side, and, besides, they couldn't think of letting all the little Red Ink Spots go out into the great, wide world without them.

"Why," exclaimed Grandmother Red Ink Spot to Grandfather Red Ink Spot, "who would darn Ruby's, Happy's, Grouchy's, Thankful's, and Baby's stockings if I were not there?"

"Who would whittle out little wooden boats for the youngsters to sail on the water of Story Land if I were not there?" asked Grandfather Red Ink Spot.

Oh, yes, they had to go, so off





they trudged, helping each other as much as they could.

Last of all came Mother Red Ink Spot and Father Red Ink Spot, and it was a good thing that they got out when they did, for just as they reached the edge of the desk and were ready for a toboggan slide down the side of the desk, Boy Scribble cried, "Goo! Goo!" again and flung the Black Ink Spot house and the Red Ink Spot house off the desk down on the floor, and then, because he could not find anything else on the desk with which to play, he began to cry. When Mrs. Scribble



came in and saw all the Black Ink Spots huddled together on the floor and all the Red Ink Spots huddled together on her beautiful carpet, she called "Boo," the big fat negro boy who did chores about the house, to come and get them out as quickly as possible.

"Boo" took a cloth and gathered all the Black Ink Spots up in it. Then he took another cloth and gathered all the Red Ink Spots up in it. He took these two cloths out and flung them into the trash-barrel at the back of the house.

"What a place for respectable Ink Spots to be!" scolded Grand-



mother Red Ink Spot. "It would have been far better had we stayed on the table. Perhaps they would have put us back in our house. I am sure our rent was paid in full by good hard work each day. Why should they put us out?"



Then Pouty pouted, Cross-Patch fussed, and Grouchy scolded, but Roly-Poly rolled over and over with delight and Slim Lim turned a double somersault, while Happy and Thankful said that this was only the first stop on the road to Story Land and when their train really started, they



would go through in a hurry.

Ruby Red Ink Spot and Inky Black Ink Spot said there were really more interesting things in that trash-barrel than they had ever seen before. Inky Black Ink Spot found an old scrap-book while Ruby Red Ink Spot found a rag doll.

Mother Red Ink Spot and Mother Black Ink Spot worried for fear the little Ink Spots would get germs among so much trash, but Father Black Ink Spot said that if they shut their mouths and breathed through their noses there







was little danger, and Father Red Ink Spot cautioned all the little Ink Spots not to put their fingers in their mouths.





## II ON THE WAY TO STORY LAND



**H**APPY Red Ink Spot and Thankful Red Ink Spot were right. The trash-barrel was only the first stop on the road to Story Land, and when they really started they *did* go through in a hurry.

They stayed in the trash-barrel only until the next morning. Just



long enough for Inky Black Ink Spot to finish looking at his scrap-book and for Ruby Red Ink Spot to grow tired of playing with her doll.



They were all waiting for something to happen the next morning, when the sound: “Trash! Trash! Here is your trash-man!” sounded out on the clear morning air.

“What is that?” asked Grandmother Red Ink Spot.

“I’ll see,” said Father Red Ink Spot, and he poked his head up far enough to see a street cart driven by an old colored man, and “Boo”



pointing out the trash-barrel to him.

Father Red Ink Spot barely had time to call out at the little Ink Spots, "Hold on tight! Here is where we change cars!"

The old trash-man lifted the barrel on his shoulder and it was only the matter of a few minutes before all the little Ink Spots, Red and Black, were in the cart, jogging on toward Story Land.

It was such a beautiful morning and the sun shone so brightly that even Pouty, Cross-Patch and Grouchy forgot to be cross, and Grandmother Red Ink Spot for-





got how comfortable the cut-glass ink-bottle had been.

The old cart jogged along over the road and made so much noise that it was useless to try to talk, but all the Ink Spots were so happy that they couldn't keep still, so they jumped up and down and tried to catch the green leaves which hung low on the trees under which they passed.



Once Slim Lim Black Ink Spot jumped so high that the old trash man turned around and said, "Humph! If this wind keeps up, I'll lose all my trash before I get to the dump-heap."



But his remark did not trouble the Ink Spots at all. They were on their way to Story Land and were so happy over it that they did not care who knew it.

Then something happened which might have been dreadful had it not turned out all right after all. The cart turned into a lane which ran through an apple orchard. On either side the trees were hanging full of the largest, reddest apples you ever saw. The little Red Ink Spots and the Little Black Ink Spots all jumped up and tried to touch the apples. Slim Lim and Cross-Patch and





Grouchy succeeded, and Roly-Poly tried so hard that he got black in the face. At last he made one great big jump and—what do you think happened? Why, his little trousers caught on the tree and he couldn't get down. Of course the cart moved on out from under him and left him hanging by the seat of his trousers to the tree. He cried and kicked, but it did not do any good.

Mother and Father Black Ink Spot cried, "Stop this cart! Stop this cart!" but the cart went rumbling on. They tried every way they could think of to make the

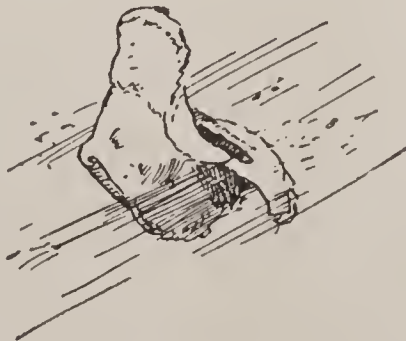


old man hear, but he drove on, singing as he went:

“ ‘Roll, Jordan, roll,  
Roll, Jordan, roll,  
I wan’ ter go ter Heb’n when I die,  
Fur ter hyear sweet Jordan roll.’ ”

Soon they had gone so far that they could not see Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot at all. All the little Ink Spots declared that they did not care to go to Story Land if Roly-Poly had to be left hanging to the tree.

Then what do you think happened? Why, a great puff of wind came and blew so hard that





it took the old trash-man's hat right off his head and took it sailing down the lane. Over and over it went and the trash-man had to stop his horses and run after it.

"Serves him right," said Pouty Black Ink Spot. "He would not stop when he could help us, and now he has to have all the trouble of running after his hat."

On ran the trash-man, scolding because the wind had played him such a trick and do you know, that hat did not stop until it got right under the tree on which Roly-Poly was hanging! Just as the trash-man picked it up and put it on



his head, the twig on which Roly-Poly was caught broke, and down he came right on top of the hat. He crouched away down in the middle of the crown, for he did not want the old man to see him. And when the trash-man took his seat in the cart, off jumped Roly-Poly right into his mother's arms.

This made all the Ink Spots so happy that they forgot to notice where they were going, and were much surprised when the cart stopped right in the middle of a field crowded with old tin cans and rubbish. A number of other carts were standing near. Some



were empty, and others were unloading their trash.



“Story Land, indeed,” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot when they had been dumped near an old empty tomato-can. “It’s the dump-heap. Oh, my beautiful cut-glass ink-bottle house!”

“There, there, there!” said Grandfather Red Ink Spot. “Don’t cry! Perhaps we shall be able to get a ride back.”

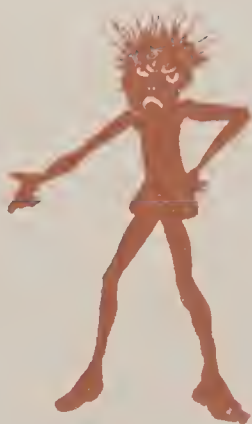
“I am not so worried about all the grown-up Ink Spots,” said Mother Black Ink Spot, “but the children are so exposed to germs here. The baby will crawl and



get her hands into everything, and whatever she touches finds its way to her mouth."

Lazy Black Ink Spot crawled into the empty tomato-can and seemed quite happy, while Roly-Poly declared that anything is better than hanging for the rest of your life to an apple-tree by the seat of your trousers.

Then Pouty, Cross-Patch, and Grouchy said that they thought hanging to an apple-tree where one could at least see pleasant things would be far better than living on the dump-heap. But you see they had not tried hanging



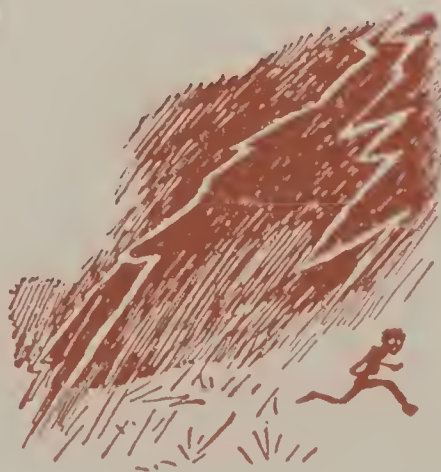


to the apple-tree, and Roly-Poly had tried it.

In fact they were all so busy finding fault that they did not notice that a dreadful thunder-storm was coming until a loud peal of thunder made them all jump, and a large rain-drop knocked Baby Black Ink Spot right over on her head.



Then how the rain came down and how the lightning flashed! The Red Ink Spots all crowded together inside the empty tomato-can and Father Black Ink Spot found an empty salmon-can for his family, but they were all



drenched long before the thunder-shower was over.

But even worse than the rain was the high wind which arose before the rain ceased. The Red Ink Spots were all very much afraid to stay in the tomato-can, for the wind blew so hard that the can rolled over and over, so they came out and sat on a heap of rubbish.



The Black Ink Spots were more fortunate, for the salmon-can lodged between a large rock and an old iron kettle, but it was so placed that the water ran right into it and, for fear of being



drowned, the Black Ink Spots sought refuge with their friends on the rubbish heap.

“My! but I am glad that I am not on the apple-tree now,” said Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot, “for this wind is certainly blowing hard.”

“I wish that I were in the cut-glass ink-bottle,” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot.

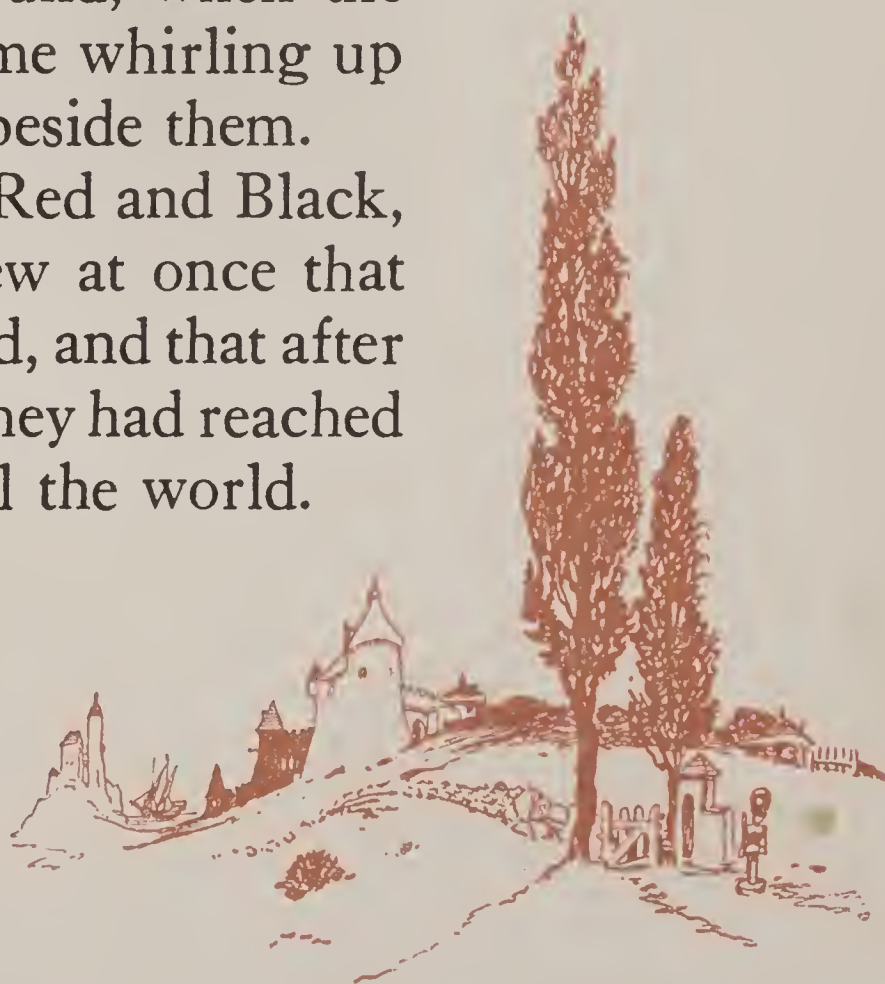
Then there came such a great blast of wind that the Ink Spots could no longer express themselves. It took up the cloth in which the Black Ink Spots were securely wrapped, and whirled



them away ever so far until they came breathlessly against a high wall far away from the dump-heap. Then, before they had time to catch their breath, it whirled them up and up and over the wall into the most beautiful garden that could be imagined.

They had just time to blink their eyes and look around, when the Red Ink Spots came whirling up and settled down beside them.

The Ink Spots, Red and Black, little and big, knew at once that this was Story Land, and that after much wandering they had reached the best spot in all the world.







### III

## THE INK SPOTS INVITE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN MOTHER GOOSE GARDEN TO A PICNIC



GRANDFATHER and Grandmother Red Ink Spot declared that this was a thousand million times better than the cut-glass ink-bottle. Mother Red Ink Spot and Mother Black Ink Spot



said that now Baby Red Ink Spot and Baby Black Ink Spot could play without fear of germs. Cross-Patch, Pouty, and Grouchy in their delight forgot to be cross, to pout, and to frown. Happy and Thankful were more happy and thankful than ever. Roly-Poly lay on the grass and rolled over and over with delight, while Slim Lim jumped and turned so many somersaults that he surely would have injured himself if he had not been double-jointed. Lazy Black Ink Spot lay on the grass and gazed at the blue sky, contented that at last he did not



have to exert himself. Inky Black Ink Spot and Ruby Red Ink Spot found much to interest them, and Father Black Ink Spot and Father Red Ink Spot looked at their happy families and said that they were glad they had found this beautiful garden.

Father Black Ink Spot looked very wise as he said, "There is just one thing more for us to do. We must meet the people who live in this wonderful garden."

"I'll tell you what," said Mother Black Ink Spot. "Let's give a picnic and put up posters all over the garden, telling about it, so





that the people who live here will see them and know that we expect them to come."

"That is a clever idea," said Father Red Ink Spot, "but who will make the posters?"

"Inky Black Ink Spot will make them," said Mother Black Ink Spot. "He always has written so plainly that his letters could be read a long way off."

"Ruby Red Ink Spot will help him," said Mother Red Ink Spot, "for she writes very plainly, too. Mr. Scribble always said that her letters were so red and plain that they could be read easily."



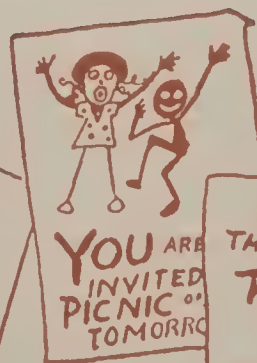




So Inky Black Ink Spot and Ruby Red Ink Spot set to work to make posters. They did not want any one to see the posters until they were finished, so they went behind a large lilac bush and Inky Black made his posters while Ruby Red watched and chased off Cross Patch, Slim Lim, Grouchy, and Happy. Then Ruby Red made hers while Inky Black kept the other little Ink Spots away.

Inky Black made four posters and Ruby Red made four, and you can see how they looked.

When Father Red Ink Spot



saw them, he laughed until the tears ran down his face, and he was so afraid that his tears would take all the color out of his face that he begged them to take away the posters until he could get his face straight. Then he drew down his upper lip and shut his mouth tight, but just as soon as he looked at the posters again, he laughed harder than ever.

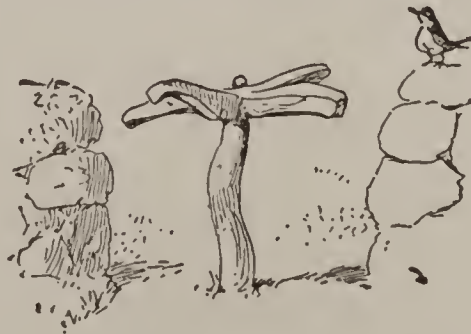
They had a hard time deciding who should put up the posters. But at last it was decided that Slim Lim should do it because he was so tall that he could reach up high and hang them so they would be



seen. But Happy Red Ink Spot went along to help.

They had to go from one end of Mother Goose Garden to the other to hang the posters, for you must know by this time that this wonderful garden was none other than the garden in which the people of Mother Goose Land lived.

First, they walked a whole long mile through the beautiful garden. It was the very same mile that the Crooked Man walked. Slim Lim and Happy walked and walked and walked until they came to the crooked stile where



the Crooked Man found the crooked sixpence.

“We had better hang the first poster on the crooked stile,” said Slim Lim, “for the Crooked Man found one crooked sixpence here, and he will certainly come back to find another. When he returns and sees the poster, he will know all about the picnic.”

Then they went up Primose Hill and they found it just as dirty as it was the day the pretty Miss climbed it and dropped a curtsy. Right on the very top of Primose Hill on a morning-glory vine they hung another poster.





As they were coming down Primrose Hill they came to the well in which Little Johnny Green put the cat and where Great Johnny Stout pulled the cat out. Here they hung the poster which looked like the one here.



They had almost given up finding a place where they could hang another poster when Slim Lim said, "Oh, look! There is the bramble-bush into which that Man Who Was Wondrous Wise jumped and scratched out both his eyes. And there is another right beside it into which he jumped and scratched them in again.



We will hang the poster on the  
bramble-bush."

"Oh, what is that?" exclaimed  
Happy Red Ink Spot, as they saw  
a muddy little pond behind the  
bramble-bush.

"I know! I know!" said Slim  
Lim. "That is the puddle into  
which Doctor Foster stepped  
when he went to Gloster in the  
shower of rain. I do not dare to  
go near it, for the doctor went  
down to his middle and was afraid  
to go to Gloster again."

"Well, we can't hang a poster  
in a puddle, so we might as well  
run along," said Happy. "Hey!



that is a good place right over there on that wall!"

"Yes, yes," said Slim Lim, "I am sure that is the very stone wall on which Humpty Dumpty sat."

"It surely is," said Happy, as he looked closely at the ground by the wall, "for here is a hole where he fell and there are any number of prints of horses' hoofs, and men's footprints, too, where Humpty Dumpty fell and where all the king's horses and all the king's men tried, but could not put him together again."

So they hung a poster on the stone wall in the very place where



they thought Humpty Dumpty had sat.

They had no trouble finding the garden which belonged to Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, for the silver bells rang out and told them which way to go. They heard the bells long before they saw the garden, and when they came in sight of it, the cockle shells and the pretty maids all in a row told them beyond a doubt what they had found. They hung one of their best posters on the tallest and prettiest maid of all.



“What a funny-looking thing that is!” said Slim Lim, pointing





toward the side of the garden where the green bank sloped down to the water's edge. "It looks somewhat like the things Mr. Scribble used to wear on his feet, but is ever so much larger."

"Let's go over and see what it is," said Happy. "The sun is not down yet and we have plenty of time."

"Why it is a great, big shoe," said Slim Lim as they came near. "Don't you remember a story which reads: 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe'? But where can all the children be; and where is the old woman herself?"



“There are ever so many little bowls of broth on the table, but no bread,” said Happy, looking into the window. “I guess she whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed, and I dare say she has gone out to have a good time, for I do not see how she can have any peace with all those children around her all day. We shall put this poster on the side of the shoe and when she comes in, she will see it.”

“How beautiful the sea looks!” said Slim Lim. “See that yellow thing floating near the bank! That must be the bowl in which

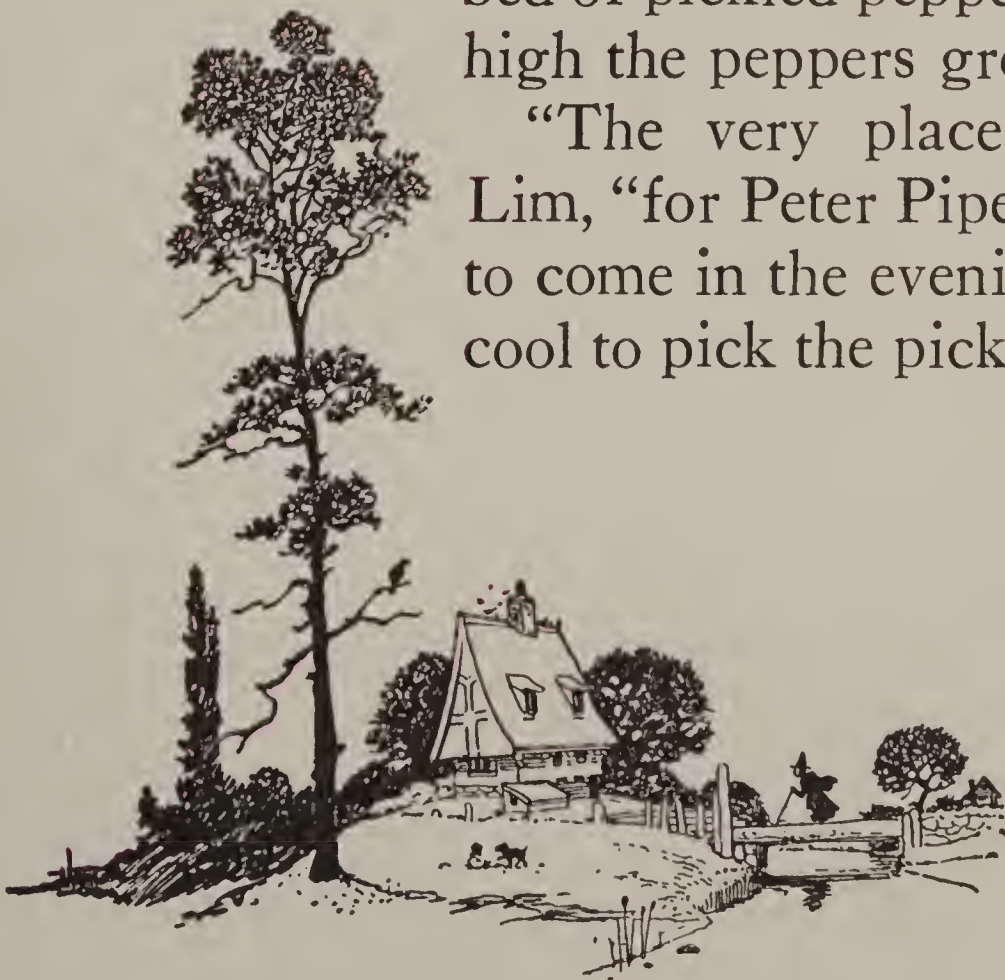




the Three Wise Men of Gotham went to sea. I should like to meet the three men and ask them about their trip, but I do not see any place here to hang a poster. We have only one poster left and the sun is going down, so we must hurry."

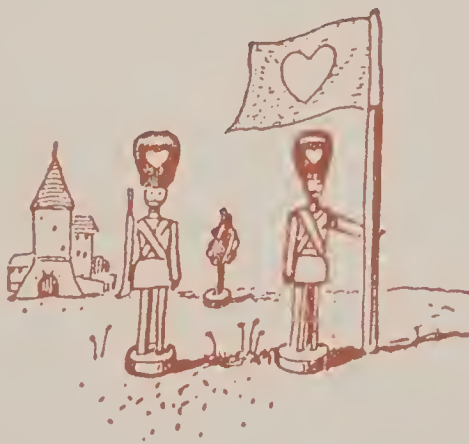
"There is a fine place to hang it," said Happy, "right in that bed of pickled peppers. See how high the peppers grow!"

"The very place," said Slim Lim, "for Peter Piper will be sure to come in the evening when it is cool to pick the pickled peppers."





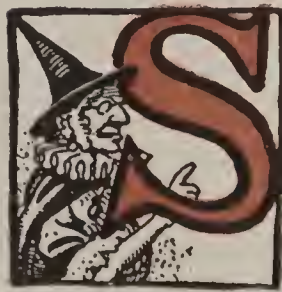
Then they hung the last poster in the middle of the pickled-pepper patch and scampered away home as fast as they could.







#### IV THE POSTERS AND WHO SAW THEM



UCH a time as there was in Mother Goose Garden when Slim Lim and Happy turned their faces toward home after hanging the posters.

I am sure they could scarcely have reached home before the



Crooked Man came back from buying a crooked cat, and as he stepped over the crooked stile, he saw the poster. As soon as he saw it he began laughing a crooked laugh, and he put a crooked finger up beside a crooked nose and said in a very crooked voice, "I'll go if I have to walk a hundred crooked miles. I'll take Doctor Fell with me. Most people do not like him, but for all that, I am fond of him in my crooked way."



Just as the sun was going down, Jack and Jill came over Primrose Hill with their pail of water.





When they saw the poster they put down their pail and laughed and laughed until Jack came very near falling down and breaking his crown all over again. In fact, they laughed so loudly that Cross-Patch, who had shut her door tight and was sitting by the fire spinning with her face all drawn up in a frown, heard them and went to the door to see what was the matter. When Jack and Jill saw her, they ran down and told her all about it.

Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue came by the bramble-bushes



on their way home from tending their sheep.

“What is that?” said Little Boy Blue.

“Oh, I wonder if it can be my lost sheep!” said little Bo-Peep. “It looks white.”

But when they came up nearer, they found that it was the poster which Slim Lim had fastened to the bramble-bush.

“We’ll go! We’ll go!” said Little Boy Blue and Bo-Peep together, “and we will get The Little Boy Who Lives in the Lane to take care of our sheep for us.





You know our black sheep love him so much they want to give him a whole bagful of wool every time they are sheared."



As they passed the stone wall they saw Little Nan Etticoat and Little Tommy Tucker, standing before the poster, spelling out the words. Nan Etticoat had been standing in her white petticoat so long that she had almost gone away to nothing, for you know that the longer she stands, the shorter she grows. Little Bo-Peep was so afraid that Nan Etticoat would go away right before her eyes that she called Tommy



Snooks and Bessy Brooks who were walking past to come and help get her home as quickly as possible.

Mistress Mary found the poster in her garden when she came out after the sun went down to water her flowers, and she told the Pieman who was passing on his way home from the fair to be sure to tell Simple Simon about it when he saw him.

Of course when the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe came home she saw the poster on the side of her house, and strange to say, it did not make her laugh





at all; it made her quite cross. You see, she had so many children and they worried her so that she did not know what to do, and she was so in the habit of getting cross that she got that way for no reason at all. When she read the poster she made all the children get out of bed, then she whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed again. But she promised them before she sent them to bed that they should all go to the picnic the next day.

When Peter Piper went out to pick his pickled peppers, he found



Jack Be Nimble and Miss Muffet there reading the poster.

“Well, well, well! What have we here? An invitation to a picnic! I will get my work done early so that I can get to bed and have a good night’s rest. Then I can get up early and go. Jack Be Nimble, you be quick and help me, and Miss Muffet, you may sit on that tuffet and watch us, for I would not have you do anything harder than eat curds and whey.”



Now, I could not tell you how many of the people of Mother Goose Garden read the posters







and prepared to go to the picnic, but I do know that most of those who read them laughed and laughed and said that they certainly wanted to see the Black Ink Spots and the Red Ink Spots who could plan such a picnic.





V  
THE PICNIC AND WHO  
CAME TO IT



THE next morning was bright and fair and quite an ideal day for the picnic.

“I feel as if something were going to happen,” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot when she came down to breakfast.



“That is because you went to bed all tired out last night,” said Grandfather Red Ink Spot. “You have not had enough sleep.”



“You can always find a reason for my feeling that something is going to happen,” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot, “but you know just as well as I do that when I feel that way, something always does happen.”

“That is certainly so,” said Mother Red Ink Spot. “You remember the last time Grandmother felt that way Mrs. Scribble’s dog climbed on the desk and turned the electric lamp over on



top of our cut-glass ink-bottle house and we had a regular earthquake."

"Quite so! Quite so!" agreed Father Red Ink Spot, "but let's forget it, at least until we eat our breakfast."

All the Ink Spots did try to forget it. That is, every one except Grandmother. She kept reminding the others of it by sighing and looking uneasy all the time.

Just as they were finishing breakfast, Mother Black Ink Spot came in all excited, as if something *had* happened. She talked so fast that all the rest of





the family could hear was: "I forgot! I forgot! So did you! So did you!"

"Forgot what?" asked Mother Red Ink Spot.

"The dinner for the picnic. The most important thing of all."

"I told you so," said Grandmother Red Ink Spot. "The next time I feel that something is going to happen, you'll know that I understand what I am talking about."

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" said all the Ink Spots at once. "A picnic and not a thing to eat!"



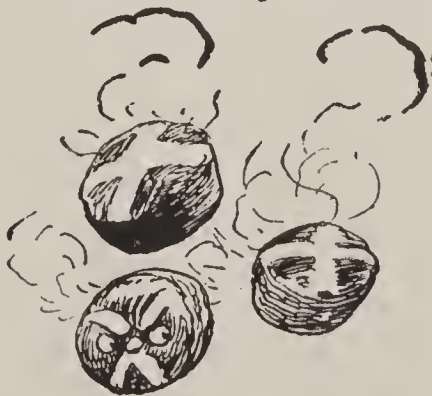
“Well,” said Father Red Ink Spot, who always believed in making the best of everything, “we shall just have to sing for them.

“‘If all the world were paper,  
And all the sea were ink,  
What should we do for bread and  
cheese?  
What should we do for drink?’ ”



While they were talking, they heard some one calling:

“Hot cross buns!  
Hot cross buns!  
If you have no daughters  
Give them to your sons.”



“What luck!” cried Mother Red Ink Spot and Mother Black Ink Spot, and they rushed out with their arms full of cake-boxes and bread-boxes, while Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot rushed out with their pockets full of money.

When they had bought all the hot cross buns the man had, the Pieman came by on his way to the fair. He had lemon pie, chocolate pie, cocoanut pie, apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, and every kind of pie you could name. Mother Red Ink Spot told him



that she wanted all his pies. When he heard this, he laughed and said, "I shall have to treat you as I did Simple Simon. Show me first your penny."

When Father Red Ink Spot showed him a whole pocketful of pennies, the pieman said that the fair would not see him until he had baked more pies.

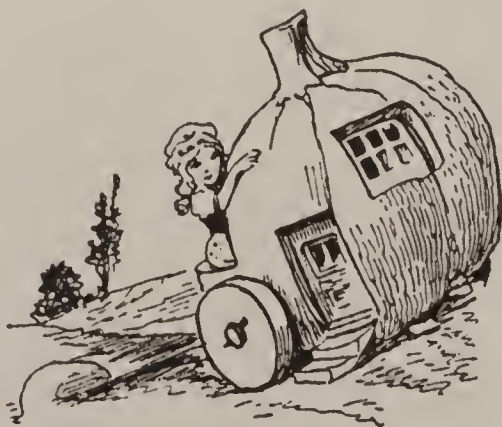
Now while Mother Red Ink Spot and Mother Black Ink Spot were arranging their hot cross buns and their pies, the guests who had read the posters began coming.







First came Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater with his wife. She was riding in state in a yellow pumpkin-shell. The Ink Spots thought this very queer until Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater explained that she was always getting lost as she was so small. Things had gone quite badly with her until he thought of keeping one of the pumpkin-shells from which he had scraped the pumpkin. He made this into a very comfortable house and there he kept her very well. When he wanted to move from one place to another all he had to do was to sing:



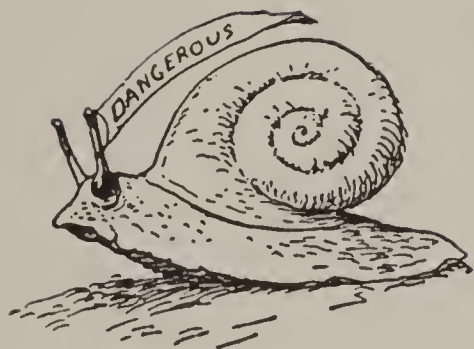
“Bat, bat,  
Come under my hat,  
And I’ll give you a slice of bacon:  
And when I bake,  
I’ll give you a cake,  
If I am not mistaken.”



As soon as he had captured the bat, it was an easy thing to put the pumpkin-shell on the bat’s back and give him a slice of bacon and promise the cake on the next baking-day, and away the bat would fly to wherever they wanted to go.

Then came the Four-and-Twenty Tailors Who Went to Kill the Snail. They looked very frightened, and said that they had





been all unnerved ever since they had tried to kill the snail and she had put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow.

When the tailors had told their story, all talking at once in their excitement, Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot came in in great excitement. "Oh, Mother, look!" he cried. "Here comes the queerest little girl. She does not look one bit like the children I have seen at Mr. Scribble's. She is jumping just as if she were jumping a rope, yet there isn't a single rope in sight."

"Why it is Little Jumping



Joan," said Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater. "She does seem queer, but you will like her just the same. There is Curly Locks with her."



"Find chairs! Find chairs!" cried one of the tailors, "for here comes the Old Woman Who Lives in a Shoe with all her children, and Jack Sprat and his wife are with them."

Then the guests came so quickly that they could not be announced. There was the Old Woman Who Lived Under a Hill, Jack and Jill, Solomon Grundy, Little Polly Flinders, Margery Daw, Little Boy Blue, Bo-Peep, and all the





others who live in Mother Goose Wonder Garden.

“Oh,” groaned Mother Red Ink Spot, when she saw how many had come, “my hot cross buns and my pies will certainly not go around in this crowd!”



“Don’t worry,” said Jack Sprat, who happened to hear her. “It is a well-known fact in this garden that all of us have such queer tastes that we bring our own dinners with us whenever we go on a picnic. Now I cannot eat even a morsel of fat and my wife can eat no lean, but between us both we manage to lick the platter clean.”



“And I,” said Peter Pumpkin-Eater, “live almost entirely on yellow pumpkin. That is how I get my name.”

“I am so glad that you did not prepare a great dinner,” said the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, “for I never let my children have anything except broth without any bread, and see how they have thrived on that!”

Humpty Dumpty declared that he had not been able to eat a hearty meal for ever so long. In fact, he had been on a diet ever since he had sat on a wall and had that dreadful fall.





Miss Muffet, it seemed, had not eaten a thing for days, except curds and whey, while Curly Locks made her meals of strawberries and cream. Little Jack Horner ate his own special brand of Christmas pies. They were made of select plums and he would have no other kind. The Bachelor Who Lived by Himself had so much bread and cheese on his pantry shelves that he was glad to bring it to the picnic for the use of all, for the rats and the mice would not give him any peace while it remained on his shelves. The Queen of Hearts had brought



a whole basketful of tarts, for she said if she left them at home the Knave of Hearts would be sure to steal them and then there would be such a scene, for the King of Hearts always beat him for stealing. Little Tommy Tittlemouse brought a great basket full of fishes which he had caught in other men's ditches. Jack and Jill brought all the nice cold water the crowd could drink, while Tom, the Piper's son, brought a ham from his stolen pig.

Old Mother Hubbard felt relieved when she saw how much the others had brought, for she said

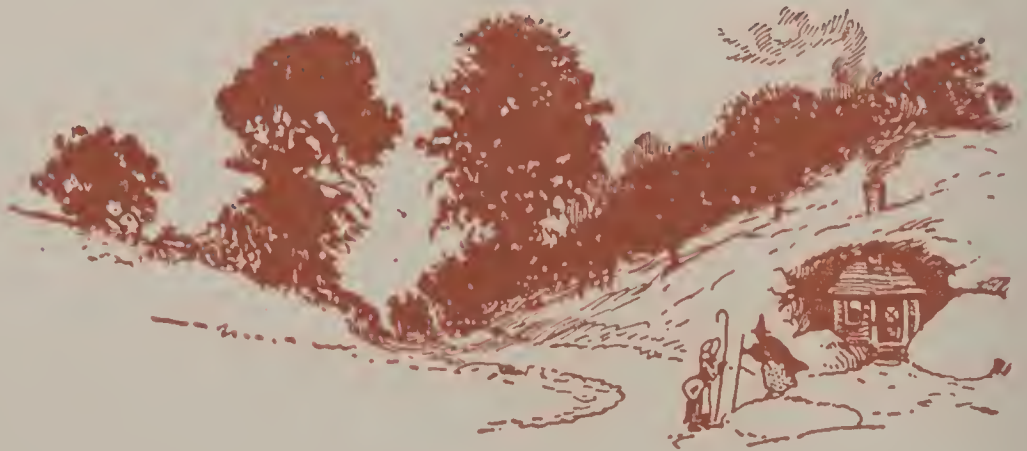






when she went to her cupboard she found it was bare. She had not been able to find even a bone for her poor dog. Taffy, the Welshman, felt so sorry for the hungry dog that he gave him the leg of beef which he had stolen. The Old Woman Who Lived Under the Hill brought her baked apples and cranberry pies.

So, you see, there was no trouble about the dinner. There was more than enough for all the guests and all the Ink Spots, too.





## VI THE GAMES THEY PLAYED AT THE PICNIC



THE Ink Spots had been so accustomed to living in the cut-glass ink-bottle house and having Mr. Scribble do all their thinking for them that they had forgotten to plan one thing for the picnic.





When some one said, "Let's play games," Inky Black Ink Spot looked at Ruby Red Ink Spot, and Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot drew her lips down in a great pout.

"I can't play," said Little Tommy Grace, "because I have a pain in my face."

"Oh," said Dicky Long, "I know how to cure pains in the face. I am better than Doctor Foster for that. I will sing you a funny song which will make you laugh and forget that there is such a thing as a pain."

Then Dicky Long sang such a



funny song that Little Tommy Grace did not complain of his pain again that whole day.

“Come on, let’s play ‘Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been,’ ” said Little Tommy Tittlemouse.

“We don’t know how to play that,” said all the little Ink Spots.

“All right, we will show you,” said Simple Simon. “Every one form in a ring and join hands. Mistress Mary, you may be Pussy Cat.”

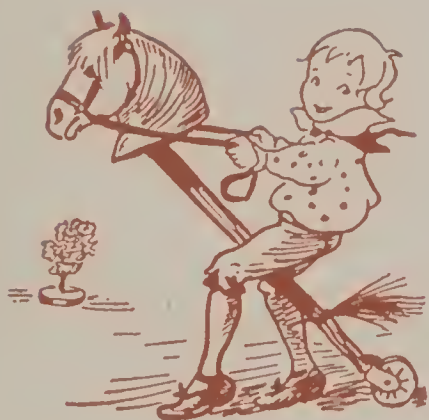
“No, no,” cried all the children from the shoe. “Mistress Mary is too contrary.”

“Then we shall have Bo-Peep





for Pussy Cat," said Simple Simon. "Bo-Peep, go in the middle of the ring. Now everybody in the ring go round and sing:



" 'Here we go round the mulberry-bush, the mulberry-bush, the mulberry bush.

Here we go round the mulberry bush, so early in the morning.' "

When they finished singing this song, they all stood and the one in the ring who was right in front of the Pussy Cat when the song stopped, asked:

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,  
Where have you been?"



Pussy Cat answered:

“I’ve been to London,  
To visit the queen.”

Then the next one in the ring  
asked:

“Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,  
What did you do there?”

And Pussy answered:

“I frightened a little mouse  
under her chair.”

The last one who asked the  
question then ran on the outside  
of the ring and Pussy Cat chased  
her. She tried to get back to the  
place in the ring which she had



left before Pussy Cat caught her.

Little Jumping Joan was the mouse and Bo-Peep had a hard time catching her, but she was caught just before she reached the place, and then she had to be Pussy Cat.



All the little Ink Spot children liked this game ever so much, and they laughed heartily when the mouse was caught. Inky Black Ink Spot laughed so hard that he was as black in the face as the blackest blackberry, and Ruby Red Ink Spot laughed so hard that she grew as red in the face as the reddest strawberry.



When they grew tired of “Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?” Miss Muffet suggested that they play “Old Father Greybeard.”

In this game every one sat down in a special seat except Little Boy Blue who remained standing and was blindfolded. Little Boy Blue called out, “Old Father Greybeard, without tooth or tongue!”

Then some one from the seats left his chair and put his thumb on Little Boy Blue’s finger and said in as changed voice as possible: “Give me your finger and I’ll give you my thumb.”





If the blindfolded one could guess who old Father Greybeard was, then old Father Greybeard had to take the place and be blindfolded, if not, the guessing had to keep up until the blindfolded one succeeded in guessing correctly.



Humpty Dumpty was the first to act as old Father Greybeard and he made every one laugh when he said in such a thick voice, "Give me your finger and I'll give you my thumb."

Little Boy Blue thought surely it was Greedy Nan, but he was wrong. The next time, Little Tommy Tucker was old Father



Greybeard, and he sang out just as if he were singing for his supper: "Give me your finger and I'll give you my thumb."

When Little Boy Blue heard the first word, he said, "Oh, I know you. It is Little Tommy Tucker."

Then came the dinner. They took the baskets up on Primrose Hill and spread the tempting things out on nice white tablecloths. After dinner there were more games, and then, as it looked very much as if a storm was coming, they all decided that it would be wise for them to go home.





The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe said she had left her windows up and if she did not get home before the rain got there, her shoe would be soaked inside and out. Doctor Foster said he wouldn't risk crossing that puddle again after a hard rain, and Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue felt that they should look after their sheep before the storm came.

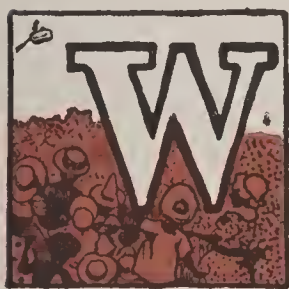
So they all said good-bye and told the Ink Spots what a delightful day they had had. And after all, the clouds went by and there was only a little shower.





## VII

### THE INK SPOTS HAVE THEIR FIRST RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE



WELL, well, well," said Father Black Ink Spot, "that was certainly the best picnic I ever attended."

"I guess it was," said Father Red Ink Spot, "for as far as I





know it was the *first* picnic any of us ever attended."

Father Black Ink Spot scowled, and I really believe they would have quarreled over it if Mother Red Ink Spot had not come in just then exclaiming: "Oh, do come and see what a queer bird is flying over us."



"Why that isn't a bird," said Father Red Ink Spot, looking up in the sky knowingly. "It must be one of those air-ships—aero-planes, I think Mr. Scribble called them. I once helped him correct a story about some."

"Look! Look!" said Mother



Red Ink Spot. "It is coming down."

And sure enough, the great thing was coming down right near them. It really was the only aeroplane the people in Mother Goose Garden knew. It was The Old Woman Who Went up in a Basket. She had been up seventy times as high as the moon. She had a large broom in her hand, and such a queer pointed cap on her head!



When the basket reached the ground, the old woman got out, and, making a low bow, told them how sorry she was not to have been



with them at the picnic. She explained that her work was to keep the sky free from cobwebs and she had not been able to finish her task in time to come.



“Is this an air-ship?” asked Father Black Ink Spot.

At first the old woman looked puzzled, then she said, “If an air-ship is a carriage which takes you through the air, this is certainly one, for it does that for me every day. I’ll take a few of you for a ride if you like. My basket is not large enough to carry many.”

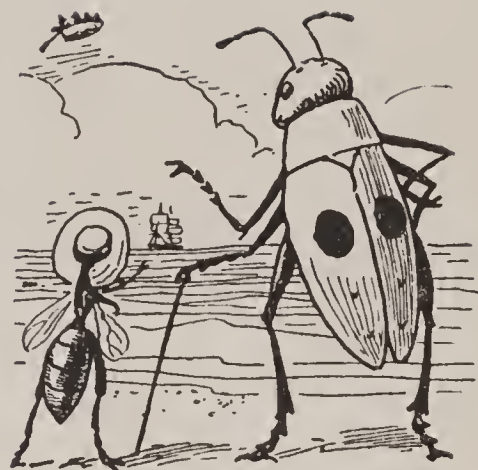
Mother Red Ink Spot and Mother Black Ink Spot were



afraid to go themselves, and they did not dare trust the children in an aeroplane without them, but Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot both wanted to go, so in they stepped and the old woman gave a flourish with her broom and they were gone.

Up, up, up they went over Primrose Hill, over the House that Jack built, over the Crooked Man's house, over Mistress Mary's garden, over the sea where Bobby Shaftoe went sailing, and up, up, up until they could not see Mother Goose Garden at all.

"Now," said the old woman







when they were high up in the air, "I'll go a little to the north and catch The Man from the Moon, for although he is not expected in Mother Goose Garden until day after to-morrow, he always comes down too soon. There he is now!"

Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot both looked in the direction in which she pointed her broom and saw a queer little round man falling headlong down toward them.

The old woman steered her basket until it was right under him, and down he came all out of



breath, right at Father Red Ink Spot's feet.

"Which is the way to Norwich?" he asked as he scrambled to his feet.

"Sit down! Sit down!" said the old woman. "Look in that tin box and you'll find your favorite dish—cold pease porridge."

It did not take The Man from the Moon long to find the tin box, and it took him even a shorter time to taste the cold pease porridge, but when he had tasted it, he jumped and screamed until Father Black Ink Spot and Father Red Ink Spot had to hold him to keep



him from upsetting the basket.

"I've burned my mouth! I've burned my mouth!" he screamed.

"How?" asked the old woman.

"Eating cold pease porridge," said The Man from the Moon.

Then the old woman laughed and laughed until the basket came near upsetting.

"Hold on tight," said the old woman. "I am not going to take you any higher than the moon this time, but it is just about the time when the cow does her wonderful act of jumping over the moon and I want you to be near so you can

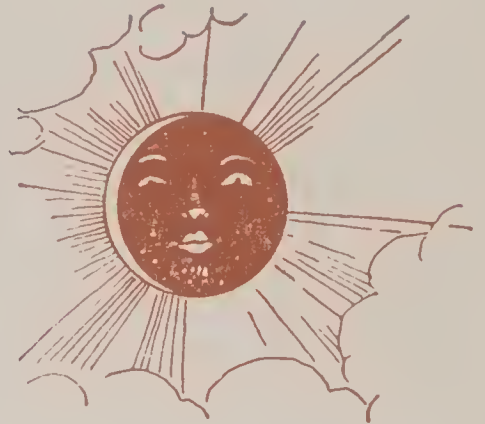


see it. I can hear the cat playing her fiddle in the garden now.”

Then up, up, up they went until Father Black Ink Spot grew quite pale and watery-looking and Father Red Ink Spot grew so pale that he was quite pink.

“See, there is my old home,” said The Man from the Moon.

“Look, look! There is the cow! See how she jumps!” cried the old woman as a large white cow appeared and leaped over the moon, which went on shining as if nothing very wonderful had happened.





“I do not think there are any more sights I can show you up here,” said the old woman. “We will go down now, and some day I will take you up again.”

Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot were much relieved when they heard this, for they did not like an aeroplane as much as they had thought they would.

When they had gone down far enough to see London Bridge and the top of the House that Jack built, they met four-and-twenty blackbirds flying around in the air.



“Poor birds!” said the old woman. “To-morrow they will be baked in a pie. If you go to Old King Cole’s Castle about dinner-time to-morrow you will have the pleasure of hearing the sweetest song you ever heard. Old King Cole will cut the pie and when the pie is opened the birds will begin to sing. Will that not be a dainty dish to set before a king?”

Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot promised that they would go, but they did not then know what strange things to-morrow would bring to them.





## VIII

# THE INK SPOTS TAKE THE MEASLES



WHEN Father Red Ink Spot and Father Black Ink Spot returned from their ride in the aeroplane, all the Ink Spots gathered under a large oak-tree and talked until very late.

The children wanted to know



all about The Man from the Moon and just how he could burn his mouth eating cold pease porridge. Slim Lim could not hear quite enough about the cow jumping over the moon. Then they had to be told about the wonderful pie which Old King Cole would cut at dinner the next day.



When at last they were all snugly tucked in bed and Mother Black Ink Spot was just going to sleep, she was awakened by a cry from the children's room, and hastening in, she found Roly-Poly distressed over a bad dream he had dreamed.





"We talked too much about the strange things we saw on our ride," said Father Black Ink Spot.

"Indeed, I believe he has fever," said Mother Black Ink Spot. "His face is as hot as it can be."

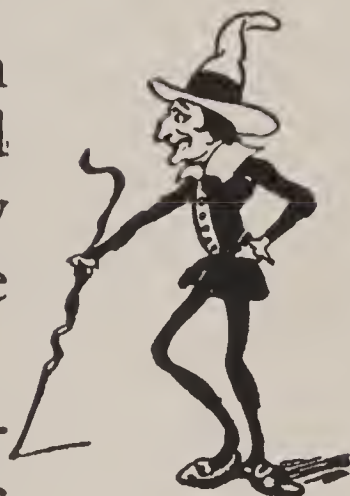
Then she felt all the children's faces and, as all seemed to be hot, she decided it was only the excitement. But the next morning when she looked at them by daylight she found that something was really wrong, for Inky Black Ink Spot's little black face was broken out in red spots and Roly-Poly and Slim Lim were feverish and fretful.



Mother Red Ink Spot came in and reported that Ruby Red's face was redder than ever, and that both Happy and Thankful were sick and could not raise their heads from the pillow.

"Our families have never known sickness before," said Father Red Ink Spot, "and I do not know what to do, for these children are sick beyond a doubt."

"Don't you remember that Doctor Fell who came to the picnic with The Crooked Man?" asked Mother Red Ink Spot. "Suppose you get him to come to see them. Perhaps he can give them



some medicine which will help them."

"I do not like Doctor Fell," said Pouty Black Ink Spot, who was just beginning to break out in red splotches.

"Why don't you like him?" asked Father Black Ink Spot.

"I do not know," said Pouty, "why I do not like him, but I have heard a rhyme about him which shows just how I feel.

" 'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I can not tell,  
But this I know, and know full well,  
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.' "



“Well, if you feel that way about him, we will get Doctor Foster,” said Father Black Ink Spot.

“Oh, I do hope he has not gone to Gloster again,” said Mother Black Ink Spot, “for the baby is breaking out now.”

So Father Black Ink Spot hurried away and in a very short while he was back again with Doctor Foster.

The doctor said there could be no mistake about it—all the little Ink Spots had the measles and would have to be kept in the house for a long while.

“The people of Mother Goose







Garden will be very sorry to hear this," said Doctor Foster, "for they enjoyed the picnic so much and were planning to give you a good time in return. As the measles are catching, they can not come to see you, but I am sure that you will hear from them soon, for they are friendly people and always find some way to help."

And sure enough, they did find some way to help. The time seemed very long to the Ink Spot children, for they were not sick enough after the first few days to stay in bed and take Doctor Foster's medicine.



One day when they were longing for something to do, Thankful Red Ink Spot, who was looking out of the window, cried, "Oh, here comes some one! It is Miss Muffet and Little Jack Horner. They have a large basket tied with red ribbon."

"I wonder what can be in the basket," said Lazy Black Ink Spot.

Jack Horner waved his hand when he came near and called out in a loud voice that they were sorry they could not come in, but that they had brought all the riddles they could find in Mother Goose Garden for the Ink Spots to guess.



Each little folded paper in the basket contained a riddle, and down in the very bottom of the basket was a prize for the one who guessed the most riddles.



When Jack Horner had screamed all this information out as loudly as he could, he and Little Miss Muffet ran away as fast as possible, for they knew that the little Ink Spot children wanted to look at the riddles without any delay.

Mother Red Ink Spot went out and brought in the basket. First, she took out all the little folded papers and put them on the table,



and when she came to the prize at the bottom of the basket she clapped her hands and cried, "Oh! oh! oh!"

All the little Ink Spots crowded around, and what do you think they saw? Right in the bottom of the basket was Jack Horner's Christmas pie, made of the very best and biggest plums. On top of the pie was a little white card tied to a large bow of red ribbon. On the card was written, "For the Little Ink Spot who guesses the most riddles."

"Well," said Mother Red Ink Spot, "we will take them one at a





time. You sit down, and I will read the first one." Then she unfolded the first paper and read:



"'In marble walls as white as milk,  
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;  
Within a fountain crystal clear,  
A golden apple doth appear.  
No doors there are to this stronghold,  
Yet thieves break in and steal the  
gold.'"

"I know what that is," said Slim Lim. "It is an egg."

"I don't see how you get that," said Pouty Black Ink Spot.

"Stupid!" said Slim Lim. "The shell is the marble wall. It is cer-



tainly as white as milk, and if you break the shell you will find a skin inside as soft as silk. There is clear water inside of this skin and a golden apple, the yolk of the egg, inside of that. There are no doors to the egg-shell, but you were the thief who broke in this morning and stole the gold, for didn't you eat an egg for breakfast this morning?"



Then they all laughed while Mother Red Ink Spot opened the second paper and read:

“ ‘Riddle-me, riddle-me, riddle-me-ree,



Perhaps you can tell what this riddle  
may be:

As deep as a house, as round as a cup,  
And all the King's horses can't draw  
it up.' "

This puzzled the Ink Spots very  
much until Mother Black Ink  
Spot said, "It is where Little  
Johnny Green put the cat."

"Oh, it is a well," said Thankful  
Red Ink Spot.

"Here is a long one," said  
Mother Red Ink Spot.

• " "There was a little green house,  
And in the little green house  
There was a little brown house,  
And in the little brown house



## *Of the Ink Spots*      III

There was a little yellow house,  
And in the little yellow house  
There was a little white house,  
And in the little white house  
There was a little heart.' ”

“Oh, it is a walnut,” said Happy Red Ink Spot.

“You are good guessers,” said Mother Red Ink Spot. “Here is one you ought to know:—



“ ‘Formed long ago, yet made to-day,  
Employed while others sleep;  
What few would like to give away,  
Nor any wish to keep.’ ”

They had such a hard time guessing this that Mother Red Ink





Spot had to give them some help.

"It is where Doctor Foster made you stay while you were sick with the measles."



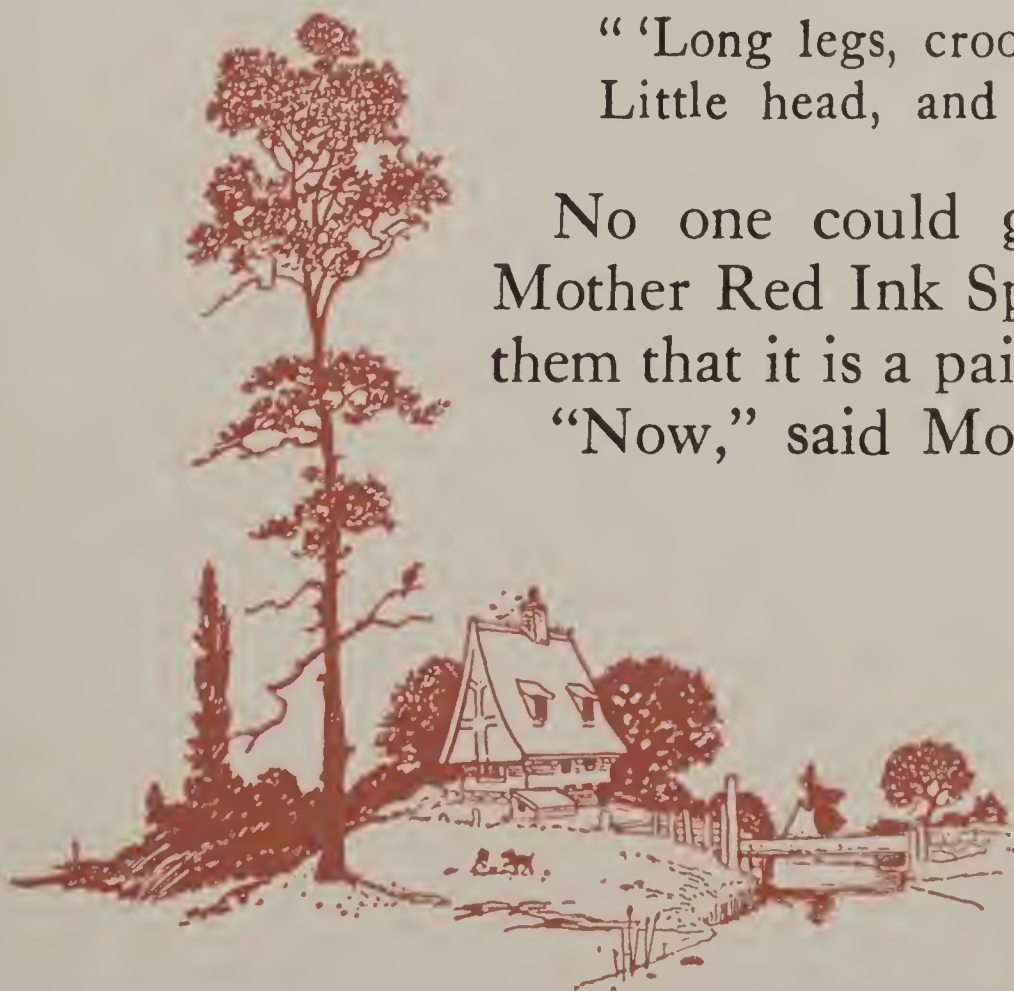
"A bed! A bed!" shouted Slim Lim.

"This is the last riddle," said Mother Red Ink Spot, "and when you have guessed this one we shall see who gets the pie."

"'Long legs, crooked thighs,  
Little head, and no eyes.'"

No one could guess this, so Mother Red Ink Spot had to tell them that it is a pair of tongs.

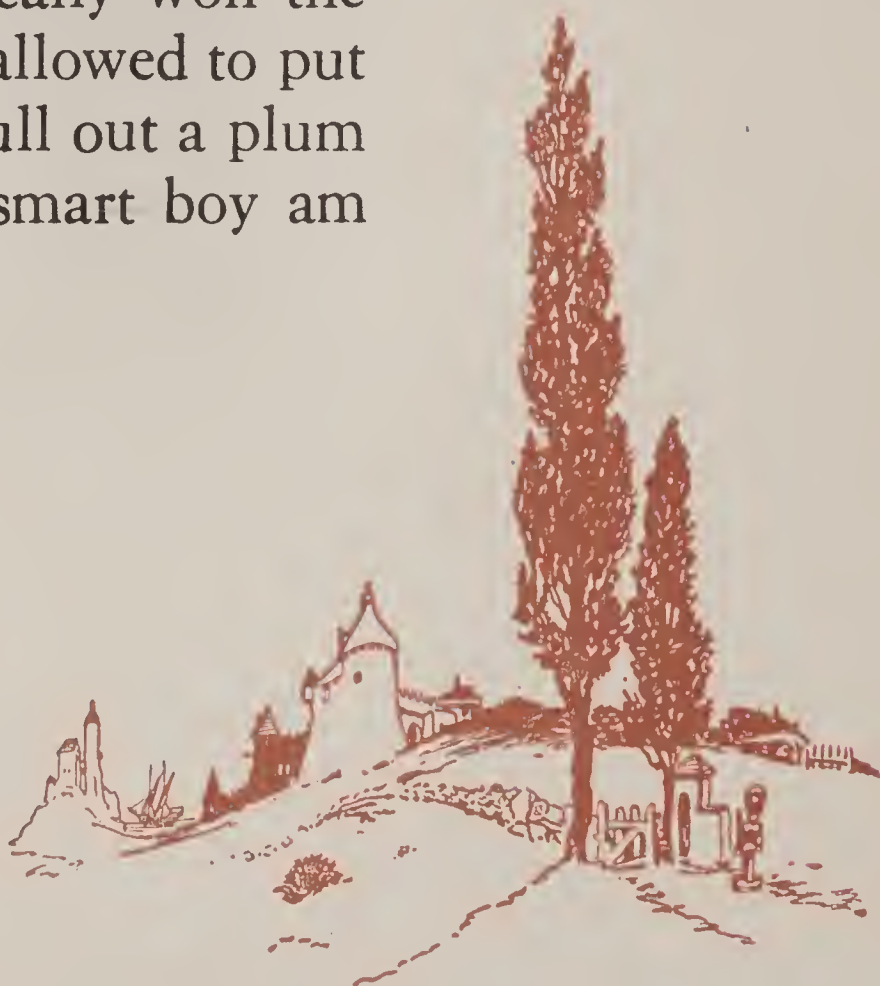
"Now," said Mother Red Ink



Spot, "Slim Lim gets the nice pie."

"I should not enjoy eating it by myself," said Slim Lim. "Cut it in small pieces and we will each have a slice."

Mother Red Ink Spot said that as Slim Lim had really won the pie, he ought to be allowed to put in his thumb and pull out a plum and say, "What a smart boy am I!"





## IX

### THE INK SPOTS GO TO SCHOOL



OW happy all the little Ink Spots were when Doctor Foster came and took down the sign from their home which read

“MEASLES — KEEP OUT.”

He told them that they could all



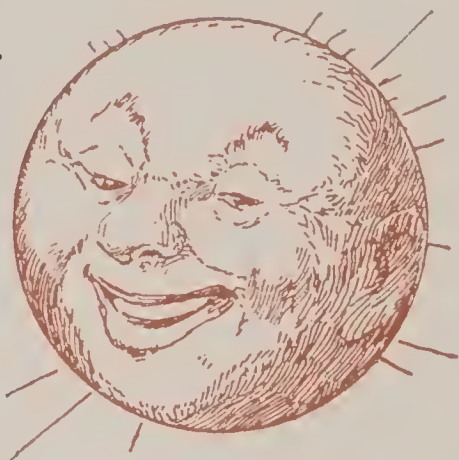
go out the next day, but that they must be careful and not take cold.

“School begins to-morrow, Doctor,” said Mother Black Ink Spot. “Shall I send these children?”

“Oh, yes, send them right along, if it is bright and sunny; but if it is at all damp, keep them in.”

The next day was bright and sunny, and all the little Ink Spots took their books, and each one took a large red apple and two slices of bread with butter and jam between them and trudged off to school.

The schoolhouse was up on







Primrose Hill and who do you think was the teacher? Why the Crooked Man, and he did not look crooked at all as he sat behind his desk. He smiled a crooked smile as each of the children came in. The funny thing about it was that as long as you were good his crooked smile seemed really pleasant, but when you were bad, his crooked smile seemed dreadfully crooked and horrid. When you were good and he pointed a crooked finger at you, you felt really good inside, but when you were bad and he pointed a crooked



finger at you, you felt all shaky and queer.

The first thing that the Crooked Man asked them was, "Are your hands clean?"

Then all the children from Mother Goose Garden and all the Ink Spots held up their hands. Little Betty Blue's hands were not clean, for she had lost her holiday shoe and while looking for it she had soiled her hands.

"We must keep our hands and our faces clean," said the Crooked Man. "Our little clock sets a good example for us. Its hands

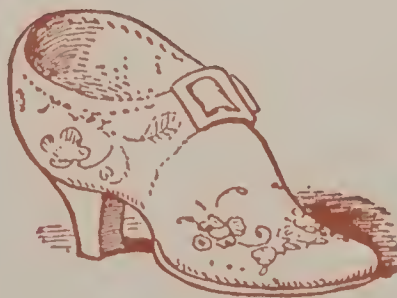


and face are always clean. You may all say this memory gem with me:



“ ‘There is a neat little clock,  
In the schoolroom it stands,  
And it points to the time  
With its two little hands.  
And may we, like the clock,  
Keep a face clean and bright,  
With hands ever ready  
To do what is right.’ ”

“Now,” said the Crooked Man,  
“let us see how well Humpty  
Dumpty can count. Humpty  
Dumpty, you count and we will  
say the rhyme:



“ ‘One, two,  
Buckle my shoe;  
Three, four,  
Shut the door;  
Five, six,  
Pick up sticks;  
Seven, eight,  
Lay them straight;  
Nine, ten,  
A good fat hen;  
Eleven, twelve,  
Who will delve?  
Thirteen, fourteen,  
Maids a-courting;  
Fifteen, sixteen,  
Maids in the kitchen;  
Seventeen, eighteen,  
Maids a-waiting;  
Nineteen, twenty,  
My plate’s empty.’ ”







“That is fine,” said the Crooked Man. “Tweedle-Dum, you are so small and can count only to ten, so you may say your rhyme.”

Tweedle-Dum stood up with her finger in her mouth and said:

“ ‘One, two, three, four, five,  
I caught a fish alive;  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,  
I let it go again.  
Why did you let it go?  
Because it bit my finger so.  
Which finger did it bite?  
The little finger on the right.’ ”

Then all the pupils laughed and clapped their hands and the



Crooked Man laughed a great, big crooked laugh.

“We will now have our letters,” said the Crooked Man. “Stand in a row and each one take your turn. A was an Apple Pie. Each one must in turn tell what happened to it. Use each letter of the alphabet as it comes. If any one of you makes a mistake, he will have to sit down at once. Ready. Begin.”

“‘A was an apple pie,’ ” said Humpty Dumpty.

“‘B bit it,’ ” said Miss Muffet.

“‘C cut it,’ ” said Little Jack Horner.



“‘D dealt it,’ ” said Mistress Mary.

“‘E eat it,’ ” said Jill.

“‘F fought for it,’ ” said Jack.

“‘G got it,’ ” said Tommy Tucker.

“‘H had it,’ ” said Inky Black Ink Spot.

“‘I-I-I-I-I-I don’t know,” said Nan Etticoat.

“That is all right,” said the Crooked Man. “I is not in it. Take J.”

“‘J joined it,’ ” said Nan Etticoat, smiling again.

“‘K kept it!’ ” said Margery Daw.



“‘L longed for it,’ ” said Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot.

“‘M mourned for it,’ ” said Slim Lim Black Ink Spot.

“‘N nodded at it,’ ” said Jack Be Nimble.

“‘O opened it,’ ” said Tommy Tucker.

“‘P peeped at it,’ ” said Pouty Black Ink Spot.

“‘Q quartered it,’ ” said Ruby Red Ink Spot.

“‘R ran for it,’ ” said Happy Red Ink Spot.

“‘S stole it,’ ” said Grouchy Red Ink Spot, who happened to be next in the row.





“‘T took it,’ ” said Thankful Red Ink Spot.

“‘U-U-U,’ ” stammered Lazy Black Ink Spot.

“U isn’t in it,” said the Crooked Man. “Go on to V.”

“‘V viewed it,’ ” said Lazy Black Ink Spot.

“‘W wanted it,’ ” said Little Boy Blue.

“‘X, Y and Z all wished for a piece,’ ” said Cross-Patch.

“You have all had splendid lessons,” said the Crooked Man. “Now eat your lunch and we will all go home by Old King Cole’s



castle and hear his three famous fiddlers. Then we will stop by the Queen of Hearts and get some of her delicious tarts.”





# X

## THE ZOO

### IN MOTHER GOOSE GARDEN

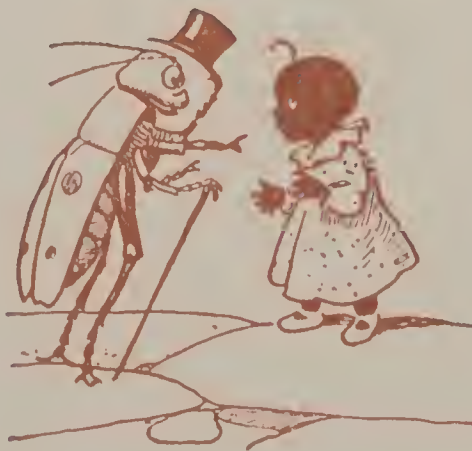


HE Crooked Man is going to take us to the zoo," said Thank-ful Red Ink Spot one morning.

"When?" asked Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot.

"To-morrow, if we are all good

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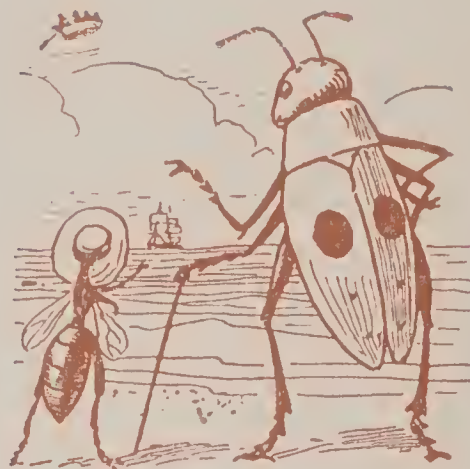


and know our letters and keep our hands clean and say 'Yes, Sir' and 'No, Sir' and are not late like A Diller, A Dollar, A Ten O'clock Scholar."

"Where is the zoo?" asked Father Red Ink Spot. "I thought that I had been all over Mother Goose Garden, but I can't remember having seen a zoo."

"It is near the house that Jack built, in that pretty green park that slopes down to the sea. The Crooked Man says that all the queer animals of Mother Goose Garden are there."

Such a happy crowd as they





were the next day when they all left the school house for a visit to the zoo. The Crooked Man took them by the crooked stile and found another crooked sixpence. He said that he had heard:



“ ‘There was an old woman  
Sold puddings and pies;  
She went to the hill,  
And the dust flew in her eyes.  
Now through the streets,  
To all she meets,  
She ever cries,  
“Hot pies—Hot pies”!’ ”

He said if he met her he would certainly buy some of her hot pies.



After a long walk they reached the zoo. First they visited the cages where the birds were kept. They saw the owl that lived in an oak. On his cage was a large card with this verse printed on it:

“There was an old owl lived in an oak,  
Wisky, wasky, weedle;  
And every word he ever spoke  
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.  
A gunner chanced to come that way,  
Wisky, wasky, weedle;  
Says he, ‘I’ll shoot you, silly bird,’  
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.”



They saw Cock Robin and the Sparrow that could shoot with a



bow and arrow, the Linnet that could bear a torch, the Lark that acted as the clerk, the Dove that was chief mourner, the Thrush that sang the dirge. In fact, they found in the zoo all the birds of which they had heard in the story of Cock Robin.



Then they visited the cage in which Little Jenny Wren was kept. Her story was also written on a large card and tied to her cage. It read:

“As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by the shed,  
She waggled with her tail,  
And nodded with her head.



She wagged with her tail,  
And nodded with her head,  
As little Jenny Wren  
Was sitting by the shed."

After they had seen all the birds,  
they went to see the animals.  
They saw six little mice in a large  
cage. In the cage was a tiny spin-  
ning-wheel, and on a large card  
tied to the cage was this verse,  
which told the story of the six little  
mice, and at the same time told  
how clever they were:



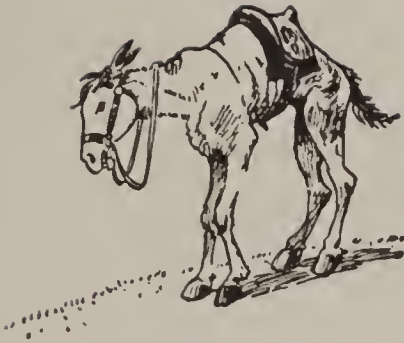
"Six little mice sat down to spin,  
Puss passed by, and she peeped in.  
'What are you doing, my pretty men?'





'We're making coats for gentlemen.'  
'Shall I come in and bite your threads  
off?'

'No, no, Miss Puss, you'll bite our  
heads off!' "



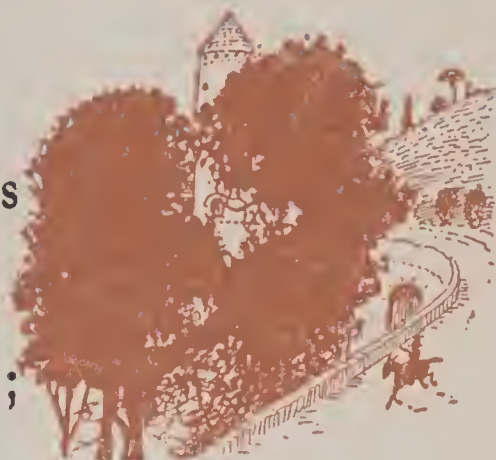
In the next cage they saw John Cook's little grey mare. The children begged the Crooked Man to tell them something about the horse, but the Crooked Man said that Little Jack Horner could read so well he would let him read the verse on the card which was tied to the cage. And this is what little Jack Horner read:

" 'John Cook had a little gray mare;  
He, haw, hum!



Her back stood up, and her bones they  
were bare,  
He, haw, hum!

“ ‘John Cook was riding up Shuter’s  
bank;  
He, haw, hum!  
And there his nag did kick and prank;  
He, haw, hum!



“ ‘John Cook was riding up Shuter’s  
hill;  
He, haw, hum!  
His mare fell down, and she made her  
will;  
He, haw, hum!

“ ‘The bridle and saddle were laid on  
the shelf;  
He, haw, hum!

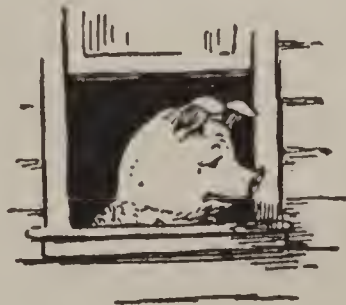


If you want any more you may sing it  
yourself;  
He, haw, hum!" "



"Oh!" cried Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot, "look at those five little pigs in that dear little house! There is one with a market-basket, one sitting at a table reading, one sitting at a table eating roast beef, and look at that one pouting. There is a tiny little one crying outside."

"Those are the five little pigs," said Ruby Red Ink Spot. "We have heard about them before. Don't you remember Boy Scribble loved to hear about them when



Mrs. Scribble took off his shoes  
at night. I can hear her now:

“ ‘This little pig went to market;  
This little pig stayed at home;  
This little pig had roast beef;  
This little pig had none;  
This little pig said, “Wee, wee, wee,  
I can’t find my way home!” ’ ’ ”

“My, look at that lion and that  
queer animal with only one horn  
fighting!” said Slim Lim Black  
Ink Spot. “Read that card and  
see what it says, Little Jack Hor-  
ner.”

“ ‘The lion and the unicorn  
Were fighting for the crown;





The lion beat the unicorn  
All around about the town.  
Some gave them white bread,  
And some gave them brown;  
Some gave them plum-cake,  
And sent them out of town.' "



"What a tiny pig!" said Jill.  
"I never saw that here before."  
"That is Jack Sprat's pig," said  
the Crooked Man.

" 'Jack Sprat's pig,  
He was not very little,  
Nor yet very big;  
He was not very lean,  
He was not very fat;  
'He'll do well for a grunt,'  
Says little Jack Sprat.' "



“Oh, there is poor old Goosey, Goosey, Gander,” said Miss Muffet. “Listen, I’ll ask him a question and he will answer:

“ ‘Goosey, Goosey, Gander,  
Where dost thou wander?’ ”

Then Goosey, Goosey, Gander turned his head on one side and answered:

“ ‘Up-stairs and down-stairs,  
And in my lady’s chamber.  
There I met an old man  
Who would not say his prayers,  
I took him by the left leg  
And threw him down the stairs.’ ”

“You must be quiet now, chil-



dren," said the Crooked Man, "for we are coming to the cage where the three blind mice are kept. Since the farmer's wife cut off their tails with a carving-knife they have been very timid. You may read the verse on the card, but do it very quietly."



Then Inky Black Ink Spot read:

"Three blind mice, see how they run!  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,  
Did ever you see such a sight in your  
life,  
As three blind mice?"



As they walked away from this cage, a large frog, all dressed in gay clothes and carrying a fancy walking-cane, passed them.

“That is the Frog Who Would A-wooing Go,” whispered the Crooked Man. “Isn’t he fine-looking?”

They watched the frog until he was out of sight. Then Cross-Patch cried out, “Look at that little black hen in that cage! She looks so proud!”

“No wonder she looks proud,” said the Crooked Man. “Listen what they have to say about her:





“‘Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,  
She lays eggs for gentlemen;  
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,  
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen.’



“Now we shall have to hurry,  
for I promised to have you all at  
home before the sun went down.  
I will show you the Pig that Flew  
up in the Air and the Mouse that  
Ran up the Clock, and then we  
must hurry home.”





## XI

# THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF MOTHER GOOSE GARDEN GIVE A FAIR



DEAR! O dear!" sighed the old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe. "My shoe leaks dreadfully every time it rains and I do not believe it can be mended, for it has leaked so long. Nothing except a new roof will do it any good."



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“Why don’t you put a new roof on it?” asked Father Black Ink Spot.

“I haven’t the money,” said the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe.

“So many things in Mother Goose Garden need attention,” said Jack Sprat. “I notice that the well on Primrose Hill where Jack and Jill go so often for water is all falling in. Mistress Mary’s garden needs a new fence, and the latch on Cross-Patch’s door is broken.”

“The Crooked Man’s house is ready to tumble over. It is get-



ting more crooked every day,” said Mother Hubbard, “and the fence is down so that Little Boy Blue’s cows get in the meadow and his sheep get in the corn.”

“Primrose Hill needs to be thoroughly cleaned, too,” said Solomon Grundy, “and London Bridge is falling down.”

“Well,” said Father Black Ink Spot,

“‘For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none,  
If there is one, seek till you find it;  
If there is none, never mind it.’

“I can tell you one thing we can







do. We can each one use his talents. There is some one thing that we can each do well. Winter is coming, and we shall have only a few more warm days. Suppose we have a fair and let every one in Mother Goose Garden bring something to sell. Those who do not have a talent for making things can furnish amusement for the crowd, and we will have a little concert at the fair. The money we get from it can be used to clean up and put Mother Goose Garden in good shape."

"How clever you are, Father Black Ink Spot," said Mother



Hubbard. "We will certainly do as you say. Let's have this fair Wednesday afternoon."

"Agreed," said Jack Sprat. "I'll go home and tell my wife."

They decided to have the fair at the schoolhouse on Primrose Hill. When Wednesday came the hill was as clean as could be, for the Crooked Man had all the children from the school go out and clean it up on Wednesday morning. They had long tables on the school grounds where all the things they had to sell were placed.

Jack Sprat and his wife had saved up all their fat and lean meat



and brought a fine basket of sandwiches. Little Boy Blue and Bo-Peep brought nice white wool from their sheep. Cross-Patch said she had nothing to bring, but she could sit by her fire and spin this wool into thread. The Three Wise Men of Gotham brought some shells they had found in the sea, and Baby Bunting brought the rabbit-skin her father had gone hunting to find. The Jolly Miller, who lived on the River Dee, brought flour and the pieman made it up into pies, while Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater gave the pumpkin with which to fill them.



Curly Locks brought some of her fine sewing. Jack Horner brought one of his Christmas pies. The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe brought some of her famous broth. Doctor Foster brought an umbrella which he had bought in Gloster. The Man Who Was Wondrous Wise brought a beautiful little rack for hats, made from the bramble-bush. Peter Piper brought a peck of pickled peppers. Bobby Shaftoe said he had thought a great deal about what he should bring and that he had decided that his silver buckles would sell better than anything







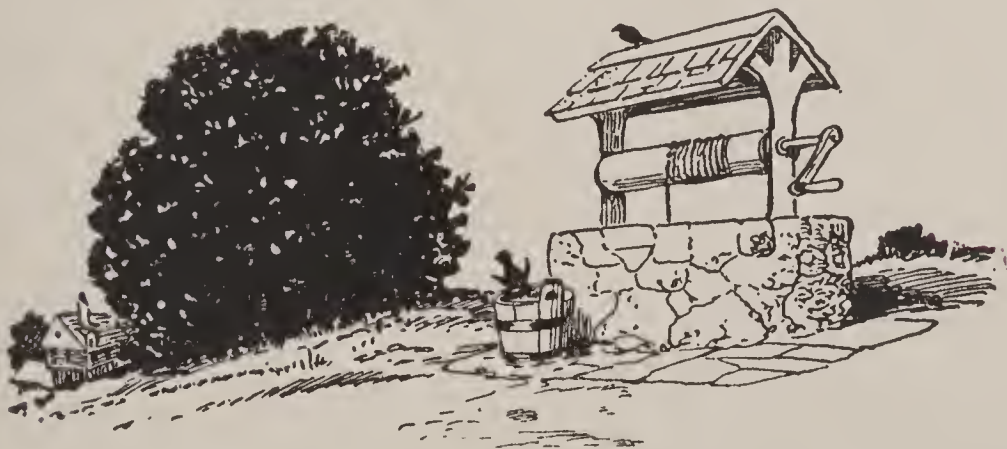
else, as they had been talked about so much. The Queen of Hearts brought some tarts. Tommy Trot brought his wife's looking-glass. Mistress Mary brought flowers from her garden. Jack Be Nimble brought some pink-and-blue candles. Old King Cole sent his three fiddlers and they played all the time while the things were being sold.

After the last tiny thing was sold, Tommy Tucker sang a song and Inky Black Ink Spot and Ruby Red Ink Spot gave a fancy dance.



And what do you think? When they had finished they found they had one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and nine cents. This was quite enough to put a roof on the shoe, repair the well on Primrose Hill, put up a new fence for Mistress Mary and one for Little Boy Blue, put on a new lock for Cross-Patch, and make the Crooked Man's house so that even the strong winter winds would not blow it over.

When they had finished all these things they found that they had just fifty dollars left, which was





just enough to repair London Bridge. And when they had used the last penny, Mother Goose Garden was just as neat as a pin.



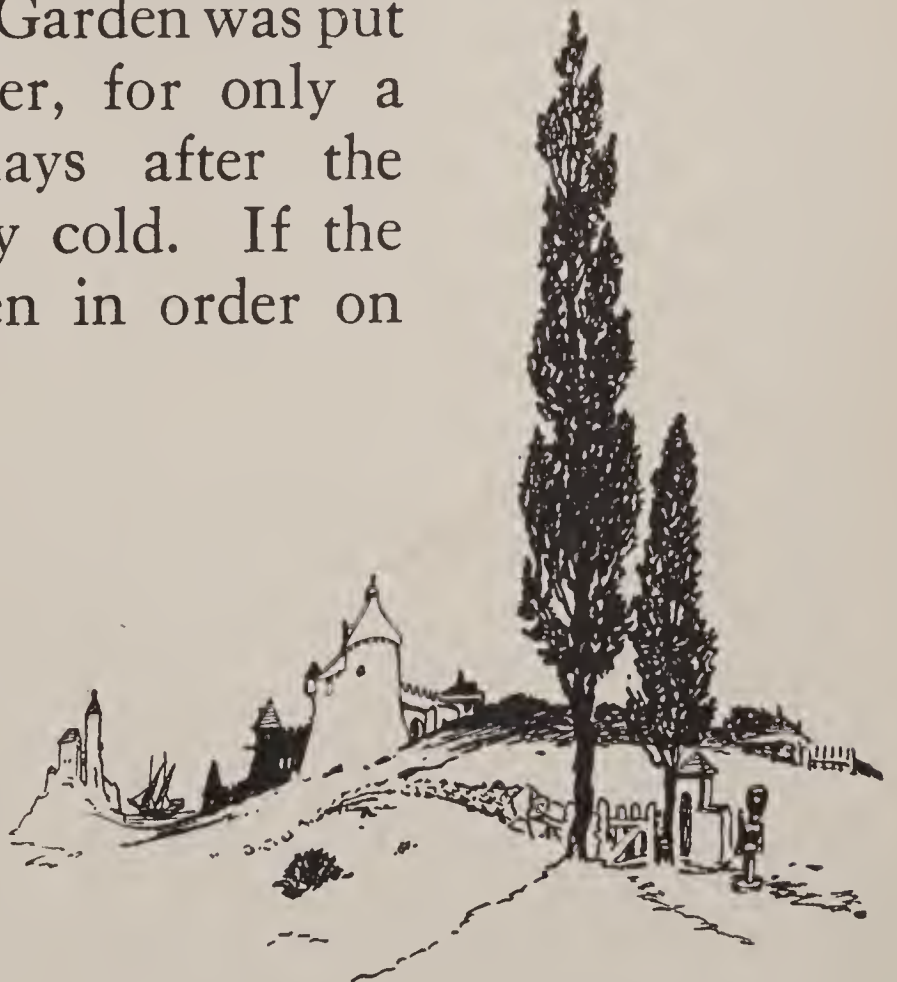


## XII

### MRS. SCRIBBLE FINDS THE INK SPOTS AND TAKES THEM BACK HOME



T was well that Mother Goose Garden was put in order, for only a few days after the fair it turned very cold. If the latch had not been in order on







Cross-Patch's door, the high wind would have blown it open and Cross-Patch would have been crosser than ever.

Then came two days of cold rain, and if the roof had not been snug and tight on the shoe, the old woman and her twenty-four children would have been drenched. As it was, they were very comfortable and said over and over again to each other that they were certainly glad that Father Black Ink Spot had thought of the fair, for it had helped Mother Goose Garden a great deal.

After the rain it turned colder



still, and the Ink Spots shivered and wondered how they could ever stand the cold winter which was certainly very near.

“My, that cut-glass ink-bottle would feel comfortable now!” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot as she drew her shawl up close around her shoulders.

“This garden is a very comfortable place in summer,” said Father Red Ink Spot, “but I am afraid I shall have to look for warmer quarters before winter comes.”

He was saved this trouble, however, for the very next day Happy Red Ink Spot and Cross-Patch



Black Ink Spot were playing in the sand-pile down by the garden gate, when who should come through the gate into the garden but Mr. and Mrs. Scribble and Boy Scribble!

“Oh!” cried Happy Red Ink Spot.

“Oh!” cried Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot.

But no one noticed them, even though Boy Scribble stopped quite near Happy Red Ink Spot and picked up a piece of broken china.

“Let’s run and tell all the other Ink Spots,” said Happy Red Ink Spot.



“Let’s,” said Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot.

So away they ran as fast as they could, and reached the corner where the Ink Spots made their home long before the Scribbles came up.

“Mr. and Mrs. Scribble and Boy Scribble are in the garden,” cried both of the children at once. “We were playing on the sand-pile and they passed, but they did not see us.”

“I wonder,” said Grandmother Red Ink Spot, “if they can be looking for us. I don’t believe I want to go back after all.”







“Why, only this morning,” said Mother Red Ink Spot, “you were wishing for the warm cut-glass ink-bottle house.”

“That was when she thought there was no chance of getting back,” said Father Red Ink Spot.

Just then Mr. and Mrs. Scribble and Boy Scribble came up. Boy Scribble spied the cloth on which the Black Ink Spots rested, and, clutching it in his tiny hand, cried, “Da, da, see!”

“My! My!” cried Mrs. Scribble. “How could that ever have come here! It is a piece of my wedding dress. I had only one



piece left and I was saving that so carefully. I always thought that Boo meddled in my sewing-basket, and now I feel certain that he did, for I remember that I have not seen that piece since the day Boy Scribble upset the ink on your desk. And look! There is a piece of my wedding traveling-suit!" she cried as she picked up the cloth from which the Red Ink Spots were staring in surprise. "I'll take these pieces home and see if I can't have them thoroughly cleaned."



And that is how Inky Black Ink Spot, Roly-Poly Black Ink Spot,





Slim Lim Black Ink Spot, Pouty Black Ink Spot, Lazy Black Ink Spot, Cross-Patch Black Ink Spot, Father Black Ink Spot, Mother Black Ink Spot and Baby Black Ink Spot escaped spending the winter in Mother Goose Garden.

And that is how Ruby Red Ink Spot, Happy Red Ink Spot, Grouchy Red Ink Spot, Thankful Red Ink Spot, Grandmother Red Ink Spot, Grandfather Red Ink Spot, Baby Red Ink Spot, Mother Red Ink Spot and Father Red Ink Spot found their way back to the home of Mr. Scribble again.













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